

*The Comicall Historie of*

I got a promise of this faire one heere  
To have her love : provided that your fortune  
Atchiev'd her mistres.

*Por.* Is this true *Nerrissa*?

*Ner.* Madam it is, so you stand pleas'd w<sup>th</sup> hall.

*Bass.* And do you *Gratiano* mean good faith?

*Gra.* Yes faith my Lord.

*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honoured in your mariage.

*Gra.* Weel play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

*Ner.* What, and stake down?

No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.

But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?

What, and my old *Venecian* friend *Salerio*?

*Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio*  
from Venice.

*Bassa.* *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hither,  
If that the youth of my new intrest here  
Have power to bid you welcome : by your leave,  
I bid my friends and countrey men,  
Sweet *Portia* welcome.

*Por.* So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thanke your honour; for my part my Lord,  
My purpose was not to have seen you here,  
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,  
He did intreate me past all saying nay  
To come with him along.

*Sal.* I did my Lord,  
And I have reason for it, Signior *Antonio*.  
Commends him to you.

*Bass.* Ere I ope his Letter  
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

*Sal.* Not sick my Lord, unlesse it be in mind,  
Nor well, unlesse in mind : his letter there  
Will shew you his estate.

*Gra.* *Nerrissa*, cheer yond stranger, bid her welcome.  
Your hand *Salerio*, whats the newes from *Venice*?  
How doth that royall Merchant good *Antonio*?  
I know he will be glad of our successe,

*the Merchant*

We are the *Isafons*, we have w<sup>on</sup>

*Sal.* I would you had won

*Por.* There are some shrew  
That steales the colour from *Bassanio*.  
Some deere friend dead, else ne  
Could turne so much the consti  
Of any constant man : what w<sup>th</sup>  
With leave *Bassanio* I am halfe  
And I must have the halfe of an  
That this same Paper brings yo

*Bass.* O sweet *Portia*,  
Here are a few of the unpleasan  
That ever blotted Paper. Gent  
When I did first impart my lo  
I freely told you all the wealth  
Ranne in my veines, I was a C  
And then I told you true : and  
Rating my selfe at nothing, you  
How much I was a Braggart, w  
My state was nothing, I should  
That I was worse then nothing.  
I have ingag'd my selfe to a de  
Ingag'd my friend to his meer  
To feed my meanes. Here is a  
The Paper as the body of my f  
And every word in it a gaping  
Issuing life bloud. But is it tru  
Hath all his ventures fail'd, wh  
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico* a  
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *Ind*  
And not one Vessell scape the  
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

*Sal.* Not one my Lord.  
Besides, it should appeare, that  
The present money to discharg  
He w<sup>ould</sup> not take it : never d  
A creature that did beare the  
So keen and greedie to confoun

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